

It's Simple, Ain't It?

Lloyd Banks

Uhh, yeah, yeah, uhh
Now this rap shit has been good to me
It pays my bills, keeps me in jewelry
Sometimes it's conflicts 'cause there's usually
A nigga trying to get back where he used to be

Now I got to go and get disrespectful
All 'cause niggas ain't recognizing that I'm the one
Knowing if I see 'em and hop out they gon' run clear
[?] gets, visualizing the outcome
Multiple lead showers
Dozens of pretty flowers
Memories, tears, screams and hollas for hours (fucking cowards)
Ya bird brain should've stayed in college
Now ya in a war zone where niggas die over dollars
Now what you get? Nothing but a moment of silence
And old ladies screaming stop the violence
Here we go, another typical video
Niggas screaming out a city that knows he's a hoe
Really though, take a look at you then look at me
I'm a G and you a Y-S-S-U-P
Or P-U-S-S-Y, it don't matter
How ya flip it, rearrange or move it
Niggas die over music

It's simple ain't it?
The D's trying to find out if it's gang related
I'm riding in my old school candy painted
The Unit on top and they mad we made it
We can't be faded

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Here's a little story I would like to tell
About a certain individual perpetrating like hell
Well, you seen him 'round imitating legends
Tough as hell on his records
But terrified of my presence
It's ticking 'cause his career only last a couple seconds
Begging for attention dropping a name in every sentence
A little slim punk from the other side of the water
Is the target intended for the slaughter
So call ya lawyer, I get up on ya
Ya enemies are rich
Man think about it, you can't even control yo' bitch
These industry fucks don't want no drama
Nigga respect me like a old timer
Like Osama, I'ma
Keep my composure 'fore I burn that nigga
Radio rapper Howard Stern ass nigga
And I'ma be on top of you with or with no hit
'Cause I'm so slick

Ask them niggas ya roll with, yeah

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